THE SCOTT COUNTY NEWSBOY.

PHIL. A. HAFNER, Publisher.

BENTON. • • • MISSOURI.

THE OLD HILL-PATH.

'Tis true: it is as graceful as when, in other days,
It wound along in beauty to the top: but as I gaze
This musing hour upon it, sad tears my eyelids fill,
For something's gone forever from the old path up the hill.

The sunlight and the shadows rest upon it with the same
Dear benedictive presence as in the days when came
No aching care to haunt me, from morn till eve at will,
Ere something passed forever from the old path up the hill.

The breezes, as they loiter by, the old airs fondly croon,
The blithe birds in the tree-tops sing as in my life's lost June;
And, as then, the myriad blossoms all around their wealth distill,
But something's gone forever from the old path up the hill.

Something—a face—a touch of hand—a voice—a presence—lo!
A world that brought me heaven, all vanished with the flow
Of pauseless Time, and, slowly, along I wander still—
With something gone forever from the old path up the hill.

Would ye might come again—again—oh, days so dear to me,
And give me back the glory of my life's sweet Arcady!
For, though Summer reigns a goddess, in my heart lives winter's chill.
Since something's gone forever from the old path up the hill.

I lift my wet eyes skyward, and plead: "Why must it be—
This inmost desolation, this awful misery?"
But silence mocks my heart's cry, while fresh tears my eyelid's fill—
Ah! something's gone forever from the old path up the hill.

The sun in royal splendor is flushing all the west;
The day is dying—dying—'twill soon be time for rest;
But ah! no rest for me, as all alone I wander, still—
With something gone forever from the old path up the hill.

—George N. Lovejoy, in Youth's Companion.

A DOG COLLAR.

It Was One of the Implements of a Woman Thief.

One Sunday morning two young men sat in the smoking-room of a cozy apartment. Outside the snow was falling silently in great, blue-white flakes.

On the divan, his tail and legs ornamented with tufts of curly black hair, his body shaved in the improved fashion, a poodle slumbered peacefully, and Floyd Tailer, the owner of the premises, attired in a smoking jacket of horsey plaid, was lolling in an easy chair, his slippered feet stretched toward the fire. His companion, Arthur Van Stade, had been his greatest friend at college, and this was their first meeting in three years. Van Stade had been in India killing big game, and has barely escaped having the tables turned, as a large scar across one cheek testified. Tailer had stayed at home, but to him had come the greater change. As he expressed it, he was "a settled down, old married man with a family"—which meant that he had the sweetest little wife in the world and a tiny mite of pink-and-white humanity known in the house as Baby.

"That's rather a fine dog you have there, Arthur," said Van Stade, turning to the poodle and lazily looking over the sleepy animal.

"Well, I should think so," replied Tailer. "I don't suppose you will believe me when I tell you that when he came into my possession he was worth no less than one thousand dollars. The spring after you went away," he went on, "having finished my college course, I went over to the other side for the London season. I went to London, and in London I stayed long over the time I had allotted to that city had expired. It was there I met Edith. In six weeks we were engaged. The remainder of the summer I passed in Scotland with the family of my fiancee. They had planned so go to Nice when the cold weather came on, and, of course, I determined to go with them. We went as far as Paris together, but at the last moment I was detained in that city for a few days, and was obliged to allow the rest of the party to proceed without me, promising to join them in a week at most.

"I had run short of funds, and the remittance expected from my father had not arrived. This I did not consider necessary to explain to Edith and her family. I said vaguely that business kept me in Paris. Four days after their departure the letter from my fater arrived. He had heard of my engagement, and, to my satisfaction, approved of it. Besides the amount expected he sent an additional one thousand dollars, with which he instructed me to buy a suitable present for Edith. As the modest diamond I had bought for our engagement had been my only gift, I was pleased and gratified with my father's generous present.

"The following morning I started out in search of something for my dear girl, whom I should be with the very next day. I visited all the leading jewelry stores on the Avenue de l'Opera, and was so confused by the glittering array of gems spread out to lure the American dollar from wealthy travelers that I could decide on nothing. My one thousand dollars, which had seemed so much, now made me despair of finding anything worthy of my beloved when my eyes fell upon an extremely beautiful necklace, consisting of two rows of pearls caught together at intervals by small diamond clasps. It lay in a velvet case of azure blue and the moment I saw it I decided that it was just what I wanted. I asked the price.

"'Five thousand francs, monsieur,' replied the salesman.

"Exactly the sum I had to spend. I bought it without a moment's hesitation. The little blue box was about to be wrapped up when the salesman discovered some slight imperfection in the clasp. He was profuse in his apologies, and said that it would be repaired and ready for me the following morning. I explained that this would not do, as I was to leave the city on the night express for Nice. After a moment's hesitation the jeweler promised that I could have it at six o'clock without fail.

"As I was leaving the store I noticed a woman standing by my side. I say I noticed a woman. It would be more correct to say that I noticed a beautiful white hand with long taper fingers, on one of which was a diamond of unusual size and brilliancy. In this hand was a small, jeweled watch, and as I was leaving the counter I caught a few words spoken in a peculiarly musical voice. I was too full of the thought of Edith's happiness on receiving my gift to glance at the woman's face, and long before I had reached the sidewalk she was forgotten.

"At 6 o'clock I returned, and, true to his promise, the man had the necklace ready for me. Placing it in the inside pocket of my coat I left the store and had just time to complete a few remaining arrangements before going to the station. I bought a first-class ticket and tipped the guard, after giving him to understand in my very best French that I did not want him to put other passengers into my compartment. I tucked my traveling rug around my knees, opened a French novel, when the door was opened, and a woman hurriedly entered the compartment and took the seat next the window on the other side of the car. I glanced at my unwelcome companion. She was dressed in mourning of the richest material and in perfect taste. As I was noticing these details something by her side, that I had at first taken for a cape, moved. It proved to be a black French poodle, and as he sat up and turned his head towards me I saw that around his neck he wore a broad silver collar, from which depended a peculiar heart-shaped padlock.

"Turning to my novel, I soon forgot the intruders, nor did I again think of them until, perhaps, half an hour later, when I was startled by feeling something cold and wet pressed against my hand. It was the poodle's nose. He had crawled across the seat and was evidently desirous of making my acquaintance.

"'Chicco, come here,' exclaimed a singularly familiar voice.

"The dog paid no attention to his mistress, but wagged his tail contentedly as I stroked his curly head.

"'You must excuse my dog, sir,' said my companion. 'He is a great pet and expects everyone to notice him. I am afraid he will annoy you.'

"'I protested that he would not, and added that I was fond of dogs, poodles in particular. Perhaps no answer was due, in part, to the fact that the woman was young and very beautiful. I had only that minute become aware of this, the light having been too dim in the station to let me see her face. Her voice, too, affected me singularly; it was low and sweet, and I was sure that somewhere I had heard it before. I sat for some time vainly trying to recall the circumstances of our meeting, but the more I pondered on it the more hopeless seemed the task.

'A little later, on looking up, I found that my companion was without books or papers, so taking an illustrated magazine from my satchel I offered it to her. She thanked me and smiled sweetly. After a time I grew tired of my novel and resolved to attempt a little conversation with my neighbor. I asked her if she was going to Nice. She replied that she was, and went on to say that her sister, whom she had expected would go with her, had disappointed her at the last moment. She, however, could not wait until the following day, as her father, who was at Nice for his health, had wired her to return at once.

"She spoke of her dislike for traveling alone, particularly at night, and explained that as the compartment reserved for ladies was full she had been obliged to enter mine. She was sorry to intrude, but the train was about to start, and the guard told her all the other seats were taken. I hastened to assure her that I was glad of the lucky chance that had given me so charming a companion. She smiled and asked me if was to be long in Nice. She chatted on about the place, mentioning the names of many well-known people who, she said, were her friends and whom I should no doubt meet.

"As the evening wore on she opened a basket containing a dainty lunch. 'Would I share it with her?' The cook evidently had a ridiculous idea of her appetite. 'Why, there was enough for six!' This seemed to be the case, so, as we were by this time very well acquainted, I accepted her invitation, and we were soon doing justice to a really excellent lunch.

"'What a charming creature she is,' I thought. 'How Edith will like her.' Growing confidential I spoke of my visit to Nice and of the dear girl who was awaiting me there. She seemed interested, and listened patiently to the recital of my fair one's many charms.

"'You will meet her and can see for yourself if all I say is not true,' I exclaimed. 'She will be very grateful to you for having made this stupid journey so pleasant for me.'

"'We will drink her health!' cried my companion, gayly, drawing a small silver flask of equisite workmanship from the depths of her basket. 'I always carry a little cognac with me in case of sickness,' she explained. Opening the flask and filling a dainty glass with the amber liquid, she handed it to me with a radiant smile. 'To Edith's health,' she said.

"I drained the glass. It was brandy of the finest quality I had ever tasted. She seemed to read my thoughts.

"'You are a judge of good liquor. That is Otard of 1870.'

"Taking the glass from my hand she poured a little of the liquor into it and barely touched it with her lips.

"'You must not judge my good wishes by the amount I take. I wish you all the happiness that life can give, but I can not drink as you men do; to me it is simply a medicine.'

"Soon after that I began to grow sleepy, and as my companion did not seem inclined to talk, I made myself as comfortable as circumstances would permit. I turned my head towards the window, through which the surrounding country could be seen dimly in the moonlight as we rushed along, put a roll of rug under my head and resigned myself to a night of discomfort. The next thing it was broad daylight. I awoke with a dull pain in my head, and a sense of weariness that my sleep had rather increased than diminished.

"My companion was sitting by the window reading the book I had given her the night before. On perceiving that I was awake she put down her book and remarked that I was evidently a sound sleeper, and that she envied me. She had passed a wretched night, and was glad that we would soon be in Nice. I thought of Edith, whom I should now see so soon, and then of the surprise I had in store for her.

"I hoped that the necklace would please her, and then for the first time it occurred to me that perhaps it would have been better if I had consulted some woman of taste before buying it. A brilliant idea struck me—my companion was just the one to decide. I would ask her opinion. It was not too late to change the necklace for something else if she thought it not suitable. I was sure she would tell me candidly just what she thought.

"Unbuttoning my coat I drew the package from my pocket and laid it on my lap. Removing the wrappings I opened the little blue case. For a moment I could not believe my eyes—it was empty.

"I turned quickly to my companion. She was leaning forward motionless, breathless, her face pale and in her eyes a look that I shall never forget. One hand was pressed convulsively over her heart. She had removed her gloves worn the night before, and on one finger blazed a diamond—the one I had seen the day before at the jeweler's. In an instant I saw it all. I sprang forward and grasped her wrist—roughly I'm afraid.

"'Give me back the necklace, you thief!' I cried 'I know you. You stood by my side yesterday in the jeweler's shop on the Avenue de l'Opera. I remember that ring, and your voice. You heard me say that I was going to Nice by this train. The liquor you gave me was drugged, and you thought to escape before your theft was discovered. It was a very clever scheme, but it failed. Give me the necklace, or I shall turn you over to the police.'

"I stretched out my hand, thinking that, seeing the folly of further concealment and the uselessness of denial, she would return the stolen property. I was wrong. She drew herself up haughtily and looked me fully in the face. When she spoke it was in a voice that showed no traces of the sweetness which had at first attracted me.

"'You have brought a serious charge against me,' she said, 'and one of which I am innocent. I am alone, and a woman'—this with a momentary tremor in her voice that somehow made me ashamed of the way I had spoken to her. 'If, as you say, you have lost a necklace, your only reason for accusing me of having stolen it is that we have been the only occupants of this compartment. The instant you opened the box and found it empty I saw the awful position that I was placed in. Fortunately, however, I can prove my innocence.

"'Perhaps you may hesitate before again attempting to blackmail an unprotected woman. As soon as we arrive at Nice I shall insist on going at once to the police station, where a thorough search of my baggage and person shall be made. I shall then ask you to prove that you ever had a necklace.' This remark was accompanied by a smile that was not pleasant to see. 'Until we reach Nice you shall not address me again.'

"She leaned back in her seat and turned her face toward the window. I felt rather than saw that she was crying.

"I began to feel uncomfortable. What if, after all, I had been too ready to jump at conclusions and had been mistaken. Was it not possible that the box might have been empty when I received it from the jeweler's? I had not seen the necklace after it was left to be repaired, as the box was wrapped up when I called for it. My companion has insisted on an investigation that might prove her innocence—an investigation that a guilty woman would never have proposed. Besides, this, she had expressed a doubt as to the existence of the necklace and had accused me of an attempt at blackmail. The more I thought of it the more unpleasant my position became.

"Suddenly my eyes fell on something bright on the floor of the carriage. I stooped to pick it up. It proved to be the little heart-shaped padlock I had noticed the night before on the poodle's collar. Like a flash a thought came to me: here might be a solution of the problem; at any rate, I would put it to the test. No time must be lost, as we were just entering the station, and in a moment more the guard would open the carriage door.

"Reaching across the seat with a quick motion I drew the sleeping animal to my side. The woman sprang forward to prevent me, but she was too late. I had already torn the collar from the dog's neck and was holding it to the light that entered dimly through the window from the station.

"I breathed a sigh of relief; the inside of the collar contained a hollow groove, and in this groove, securely fastened, lay the missing necklace. I tured triumphantly to my companion. The door was open; she was gone.

"That morning as I entered Edith's parlor the little poodle trotted contentedly at my side, and instead of the collar he wore the necklace. As for the woman, I never saw her again."—Kate Field's Washington.

Did All He Wanted It To.

An old farmer, who was sitting on a dry-goods box before the post office in the village, talking about the total failure of the crops and the price of corn, suddenly paused as he saw a slick-looking city chap pass, and stepped up to him. As the young man paused, the gentleman from the country inquired:

"Say, young chap, ain't you the feller what sold me the pump last summer?"

"Perhaps I did, my friend; I sold a number in this neighborhood."

"Wall, give me my money back, you durned swindler!"

"Why so? Didn't the pump do what I wanted it to?"

"Not by a mighty big sight; it wouldn't raise any water at all."

"Water! Pshaw! All I sold you that pump for was to raise the wind," and Mr. Slick hurried around the corner.—American Tribune.

—Strange Things.—Here are some remarkable cases: The other day a wagonmaker, who had been dumb for years, picked up a hub and spoke; and a blind carpenter reached out for his plane and saw; and a deaf sheep ranchman went out with his dog and herd; and a noseless fisherman caught a barrel of herring and smelt; and a forty-ton elephant inserted his trunk into a grate and flue.—N. Y. News.

—John Milton was called the British Homer, the English Mastiff, the Pedagogue, Samson Agonistes, Homer's Rival, the Gospel Gun and many others, arising mostly from the controversial character of his works or from his great poem.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—The New Cook—"Ah! this is a splendid kitchen; why, there's room here for a whole regiment!"—Nya Presse.

—Teacher—"You are the laziest boy I ever saw. How do you expect to earn a living when you grow up?" Lazy Boy (yawning)—"Danno. Guess I'll teach school."

—Teacher—"I am glad to see you working so diligently at your writing lessons." Little Boy—"Yes'm; I want to get so I can write my own excuses."—Penman's Art Journal.

—Omaha Teacher—"Can any of the class explain to me why the way of the transgressor is hard?" Omaha Spark—"I guess it's 'cause it's traveled so much."—Omaha World.

—Her Father—"I find, sir, that you have no money and no credit." Young Smart—"You do me an injustice, sir. I have easily borrowed several hundred since it became known that I was engaged to your daughter."—Tit-Bits.

—The Reason Why.—Carleton—"There were twice as many trolley accidents this week than we ever had before." Montauk—"Yes; I believe the companies have been experimenting with some new life saving fenders."

—"I love the music of her eyes," sang the poet. "What idiots you poets are," cried the critic. "Music of the eye! How the deuce can the eye be musical?" "Why not?" retorted the poet. "It's certainly an organ."—Harper's Bazar.

—Teacher—"Who was the first man?" Pupil—"Adam." "Who was the second man?" "Adam." "How do you make that out?" "Because he got married, and pa says that always makes another man of a fellow."—Current Literature.

—Teacher—"Tommy, how far is the sun from the earth?" Tommy (promptly)—"Ninety-four miles." Teacher (impressively)—"Ninety-four millions of miles, Tommy." Tommy—"O, yes, ninety-four millions. I knew for sure it was ninety-four something."—N. Y. Evangelist.

—School Superintendent—"You say the boy is noted for his untruthfulness. Have you tried all legitimate means to correct him?" Teacher—"Yes, but it's no use. Fact is, it's a case of heredity. His father is an eminent lawyer and politician and his mother was formerly saleswoman at a bargain counter."—Penman's Art Journal.

—"By Their Works"—Chicago girl—"You have heard of our Mr. Goldbag, of course?" Boston Girl—"Goldbag—Goldbag. H'm! Will you name some of his works?" Chicago Girl—"O, there's the Consolidated sausage factory, the South Side packing house and any number of others."—Puck.

—Visitor—"Well, Tommy, how are you getting along at school?" Tommy (age eight)—"First rate. I ain't doing as well as some of the other boys, though. I can stand on my head, but I have to put my feet against the fence. I want to do it without being near the fence at all, and I can after I have been to school long enough."—Buffalo Courier.

A JAVANESE TIGER FIGHT.

One of the Favorite Amusements of These Singular Little People.

Tiger fighting is one of the most popular sports of Java. The manner of hunting the animals, which differs from that employed anywhere else, is thus described by a traveler.

The tiger is set down in a trap in the center of the Allon-Alloon, or great square, and is surrounded by a triple or quadruple line of spearmen, about a hundred yards distant from him.

When all is ready a Javanese advances very slowly to the sound of soft music and sets fire to the trap, at the same time opening the door at the back part of the cage, which, by-the-way, is too narrow for the tiger to turn in.

As the fire begins to singe his whiskers, he gradually backs out. The man, as soon as he has opened the door, begins walking toward the crowd at a slow pace, and the slower he is the more applause does he gain.

The tiger, meanwhile having backed out of his burning prison, is rather astonished at finding himself surrounded by hundreds of people, each pointing a spear at him.

If he is a bold tiger he canters round the circle, almost touching the spears. Finding no opening, he then returns to the center, fixing his eyes on one spot, and with a loud roar, dashes straight at it.

He is received on the spears, and, though he crushes many as if they were mere reeds, in half a minute he fails dead, pierced by a hundred weapons.

In some instances, however, the roar and charge are too much for the Javanese and they give way. The sport then becomes dangerous to spectators.—Golden Days.

French Mode of Conducting Auctions.

The French mode of conducting auctions is rather curious. In sales of importance the affair is placed in the hands of a notary, who for the time being becomes an auctioneer. The auctioneer is provided with a number of small wax tapers, each capable of burning about five minutes. As soon as a bid is made one of these tapers is placed in full view of all interested parties and lighted. If, before it expires, another bid is offered, it is immediately extinguished and a fresh taper placed in its stead, and so on until one flickers and dies out of itself, when the last bid becomes irrevocable. This simple plan prevents all contention among rival bidders and affords a reasonable time for reflection before making a higher offer than the one preceding. By this means, too, the auctioneer is prevented from exercising undue influence upon the bidders or hastily accepting the bid of a favorite.—Jeweler's Circular.

Pencil Writing for Letters.

A new fashion that is just beginning to grow in vogue is that of writing letters in pencil rather than with pen and ink, and when once it is fairly established it is doubtful whether anything but legal documents and business papers that must be preserved will ever be prepared in the old style. Letters are generally shorter nowadays than they formerly were, are more hastily written, more frequent and seldom worth keeping for any length of time. They are not the elaborate efforts of bygone days that were often cherished for their intrinsic worth. The pencil, which is far more convenient than the pen, is therefore taking its place in the great mass of casual correspondence.—N. Y. Herald.

Little Dot's Idea.

Little Dick—What's this "higher life" the ladies are talkin' about?"

Little Dot—I don't quite know. Mamma says I isn't old enough to understand it; but I guess it's something about having lots of hired girls and having nothing to do but sit around and talk about 'em.—Good News.

FARM AND GARDEN.

WILL GOOD ROADS PAY?

The Figures in This Article Give an Affirmative Answer.

The question of roads and their improvements have received, within the last two years, a great deal of consideration, and while volumes have been written, tests made of materials and samples of roads built, yet there is room for further discussion and consideration. The problem at the present, of vital importance, is not so much whether it is advisable to improve our roads in a permanent and systematic manner, but will we profit by the investment? Will such roads pay their first cost and subsequent maintenance? As an illustration of this we submit an estimate which we have prepared for improving 175 miles, being the road mileage, at the present maintained, in the township of Yarmouth, in the county of Elgin, which is the closest to us:

175 miles cost $1,800 per mile	$315,000 00
Equal annual payments 4 per cent., 50 years	18,216 45
Maintenance, $20 per mile	3,500 00
Total yearly payment	21,716 45
Present system, including statute labor at $1 per day	9,000 00
Thirty years' actual yearly rate	12,716 45
	$21,716 45

Total acreage, in township, 70,000 Assessed value, $2,700,000; per 100 acres, $3,850. Estimated actual value, $4,000,000. Extra rate required for annual payment, 4½ mills. Estimated increase in value of property, 10 per cent., $400,000.

In constructing 175 miles of stone road, 50 per cent. of $157,500 would be expended for labor that could be performed by the ratepayers; this would equal $225 for each 100 acres. The roads would cost $315,000, of which $157,500 would be spent in the township. The property would be increased in value $400,000. Taking these figures into consideration, the township would be benefited to the extent of $242,500 over and above the cost of construction of the road. In estimating the increased value, we are satisfied that we have placed it at a very low figure, furnishing, as the roads will, sure means of transportation every day in the year, which must prove the profit of the investment to the farmer, to the merchant and to the commerce of the world.

The reasons for this are many and various. Fertility being constant, it is the accessibility of market that fixes the value of tillable land. It is the facilities for transportation afforded by her network of railways that has given Ontario her wealth of agriculture. Without such means the vast resources of our country would be almost valueless. And so we claim that the same law by which a railroad gives value to real estate will also hold when a hard road completes the transportation system from farm to shipping station. For all practical purposes, that piece of land has been moved several miles nearer the markets of the world, and at times it has been rescued from the dead sea of desolation and anchored to a present civilization. Its fortunate possessor, no longer at the mercy of the barometer, can go where he pleases and come when he gets ready. His produce he can sell when the prices are best, and is not like his mud-bound brethren, compelled to wait the pleasure of sunshine and shower, and then in some halcyon days, when the roads are good, is not like him compelled to force his product upon an unwilling market at whatever price a crowded warehouse, elevator or railroad may dictate. His teams, instead of being a heavy expense, and of little use from four to six months in the year can be profitably employed every day, and that, too, with less wear and tear of vehicles, less loss of time, and less danger of crippled horses than in attempting to fathom a bottomless something sometimes called a public highway. True, you can sometimes haul in winter on dirt roads just as well as any other, but the benefits to be derived from this are largely offset by the fact that such a state of affairs is so uncommon, so unlooked for that you are totally unprepared to take advantage of it. Besides, it is only a question of a few degrees of the thermometer, when the hard frozen dirt returns to its original plasticity, and the so called road becomes neither a thing of beauty nor a joy forever, nor even a fit associate to the progress, the civilization and the christianity of the nineteenth century. But with the change to solid roads all uncertainty vanishes. The distance to market is a constant factor every day in the year. No paralysis of business, no stagnation of trade, no slow collections, because the farmer is stuck in the mud. He has taken his rightful place in the business world, and is increasing profits by decreasing cost of production. His hauling is done when crops do not need, or on account of the weather, cannot receive his attention. It is done at less expense as the loads are larger and are hauled in less time. He receives for the product of his skill and toil that price allotted by that supreme law of finance, supply and demand, and is no longer at the mercy of greedy speculators, and glutted markets. And if the cost of these roads be not in excess of what is absolutely necessary, and be at all fairly distributed among those benefited, it is our firm belief that many miles could be constructed at a direct financial profit to say nothing of the mental and moral improvement which might arise from the closer association of village and country life, to say nothing of the fact too often forgotten in this rushing age, that man is not a mere machine successful most, as most he gains, and hoards of gold, but is made to live in the fullest sense of that term to enjoy the sights and sounds of nature, to love the beautiful, to revere his Maker not alone with selfish aim, but with that broadened view which most rejoices when others are the most glad.—A. W. Campbell, C. E., in Municipal World.

Impure Water Kills Cattle.

The loss of stock from impure water is greater than is usually known. In many cases the animals do not die but lose condition and do not make weight in a satisfactory manner. Where the drinking water has a green scum over it it is not fit for drinking purposes for any animal, and unless pure spring or creek water is in plentiful supply it is good economy to put down wells and erect windmills. This may cost something to begin with, but will save money in the end.

Because moisture is necessary to root and seed growth, do not fall into the error of thinking that excessive wetness would be still better.

Putting Herself in His Place.

"Ef you wuz me, mum," said the fierce-looking, shaggy-haired tramp, stepping inside the door as he spoke, "and hadn't a bite fur twenty-four hours would you git down on yer knees an' beg fur a mouthful of cold victuals or would you feel like you had a right to a square meal an' jist help yerself?"

"I think I'd see if the folks kept a dog about the house," replied the square-jawed woman, starting for the woodshed, "before I put on any airs. And if they had—"

But he didn't wait.—Chicago Tribune.

No man is good who has come to the conclusion that he is good enough.—Ram's Horn.

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Sept. 3, 1891.			
CATTLE—Native Steers	$4 25	@	5 25
COTTON—Middling		@	6¾
FLOUR—Winter Wheat	2 30	@	3 15
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	78	@	78½
CORN—No. 2	63	@	63½
OATS—No. 2	31½	@	32½
PORK—New Mess	13 25	@	13 50
ST. LOUIS.			
COTTON—Middling		@	6¾
BEEVES—Shipping Steers	4 75	@	5 25
Medium	4 25	@	8 00
HOGS—Fair to Select	5 50	@	6 00
SHEEP—Fair to Choice	2 25	@	3 00
FLOUR—Patents	2 70	@	2 95
Fancy to Extra do	2 00	@	2 35
WHEAT—No. 2 Red Winter	80½	@	80½
CORN—No. 2 Mixed		@	34
OATS—No. 2	30½	@	30¾
RYE—No. 2	50	@	53
TOBACCO—Fine	4 50	@	10 00
Leaf Burley	8 00	@	12 00
HAY—Clear Timothy	8 50	@	11 50
BUTTER—Choice Dairy	18	@	21
EGGS—Fresh		@	13
PORK—Standard Mess (new)	14 47½	@	14 50
BACON—Clear Rib		@	8¾
LARD—Prime Steam		@	8¼
CHICAGO.			
CATTLE—Shipping	4 25	@	5 85
HOGS—Fair to Choice	5 60	@	6 20
SHEEP—Fair to Choice	2 80	@	3 50
FLOUR—Winter Patents	2 90	@	3 80
Spring Patents	3 70	@	3 90
WHEAT—No. 2 Spring	83½	@	85
No. 2 Red	85½	@	85½
CORN—No. 2		@	50½
OATS—No. 2		@	30
PORK—Mess (new)	13 87½	@	13 90
KANSAS CITY.			
CATTLE—Shipping Steers	3 75	@	5 55
HOGS—All Grades	5 50	@	6 00
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	71	@	71½
CORN—No. 2	31	@	31½
OATS—No. 2	24	@	24½
NEW ORLEANS.			
FLOUR—High Grade	2 60	@	3 00
CORN—No. 2	57	@	58
OATS—Western	38	@	39
HAY—Choice	15 00	@	16 00
PORK—New Mess		@	14 75
BACON—Sides		@	7
COTTON—Middling	6¾	@	6¾
LOUISVILLE.			
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	81	@	82½
CORN—No. 2 Mixed	50	@	51½
OATS—No. 2 Mixed (new)	34	@	32½
PORK—New Mess	14 25	@	14 50
BACON—Clear Rib	9	@	9½
COTTON—Middling		@	7¾

"SOMETIMES," said Uncle Eben, "yoh kain't intiahly trus' er man dat keeps talkin' 'bout de beauty ob honesty. Hit soun's too much es ef he was argyin' wif hisse'f."—Washington Star.

THOUSANDS are drowned by getting in the swim.—Chicago Herald.

A. N. K., B. 1516.